

THE LEPERS OF TRACADIE.

" Ah ! little think the gay, licentious crowd,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround—
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
How many pine ! how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief ! how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind ! "

THOMPSON'S SEASONS.

" In a rage, I returned to my dwelling place, crying aloud : "Woe unto thee, leper ! Woe unto thee ! " And as if the whole world united against me, I heard the echo through the ruins of the Château de Bragança repeat distinctly : "Woe unto thee ! " I stood motionless with horror on the threshold of the tower listening to the faint tones again and again repeated from the overhanging mountains : "Woe unto thee ! "

XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

On the low and miry and forming the borders of the county of Gloucester, in New Brunswick, fifty miles from Miramichi and twenty five south of Caraquet, between a narrow river and the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, stands a little village. The situation it occupies is dreary and sad to a high degree. On one side moans the gray sea, on whose dull and turbid waters rarely is seen a sail. On the other stretches a long low line of coast, dotted at intervals by the huts of the fishermen. The whole landscape is painfully monotonous, desolate and mournful. The cottages are mean in the extreme, while the simple church is without architectural merit. Afar off frowns forbiddingly a large building shut in by high walls. In this melancholy spot the passing traveller says to himself : " Is this place accursed alike by God and man ? "

Accursed, alas ! it has indeed been by despairing